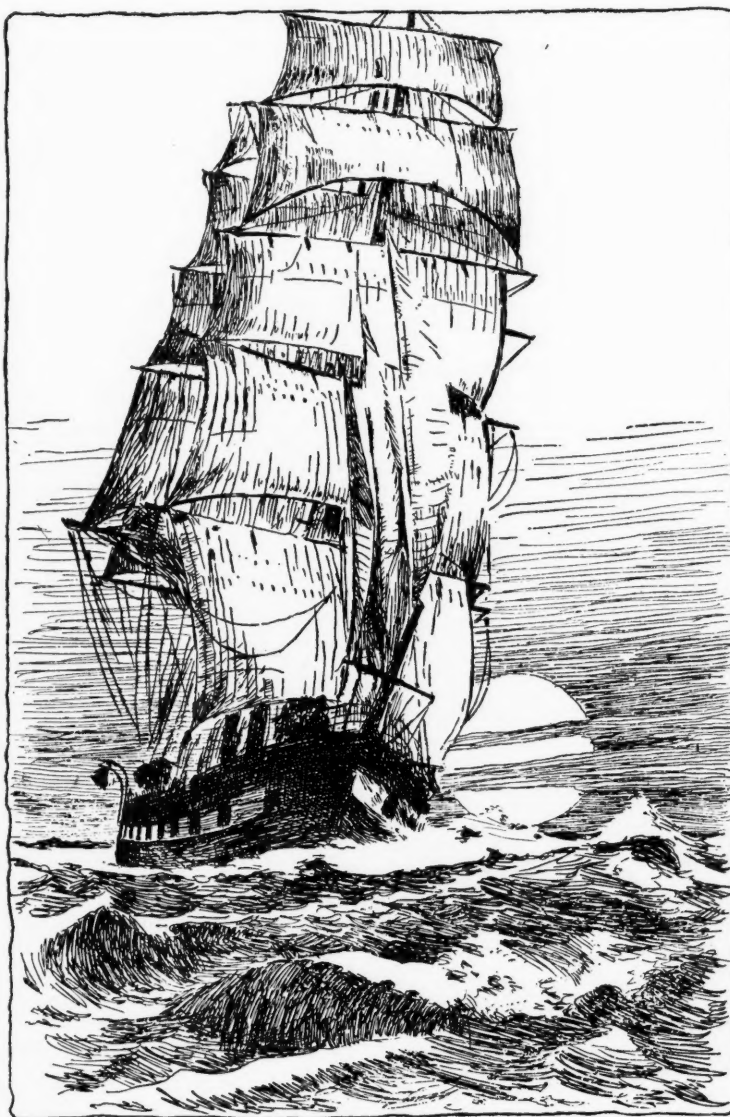


# THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.  
(LEGAL TITLE)

VOLUME XXI  
OCTOBER

DEPARTURE NUMBER

NUMBER IX  
1927

# UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES, and SCHOOLS

## UNIVERSITIES FOR MEN

Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.  
University of Detroit, Detroit, Mich.  
University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio

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Ursuline College and Academy, Springfield, Ill.  
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Nazareth College, Louisville, Ky.  
College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.  
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.  
St. Mary's College & Academy, Monroe, Mich.  
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Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo.  
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Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.  
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Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Ky.  
Notre Dame of Maryland High School, Baltimore, Md.  
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Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.  
Academy of the Sacred Heart, Fall River, Mass.  
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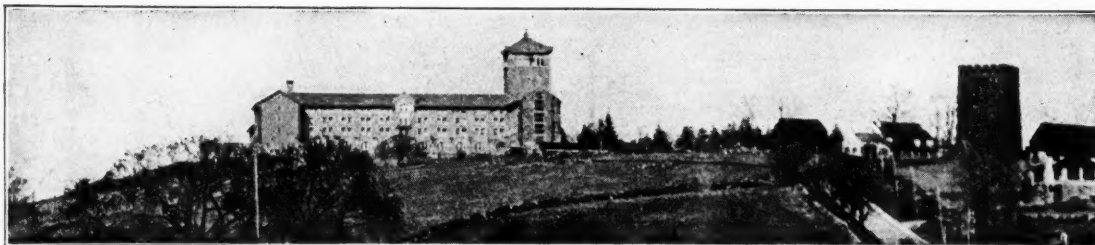
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*This photograph reveals the yet unfinished wings—service and administration*

**Approved** by the Hierarchy of the United States at Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. **Authorized** by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Decree of Praise, June 14, 1915.

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Tenshudo, Shingishu, Korea

*For Sisters—*

Maryknoll Convent

Tenshudo, Yeng You, Korea

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### CONTENTS

<i>Maryknollers on the Wing</i> .....	235
<i>Korea Speaking</i> .....	236
<i>Here and There</i> .....	240
<i>About Fall River</i> .....	242
<i>Fr. Lane Writes</i> .....	242
<i>Editorials</i> .....	244
<i>Bishop Walsh and the Orphans</i> .....	246
<i>In Viam Pacis (Story)</i> ....	249
<i>The Home Knoll</i> .....	251
<i>Father Chin</i> .....	254
<i>Circles</i> .....	258

### THE FIELD AFAR

**THIS** paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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**FRIENDS OUR AGENTS**



### The Departants of 1927 with Their Superior-General

Top row, left to right: Rev. J. M. Murphy, (Montreal); Rev. J. J. Driscoll, (Philadelphia, Pa.); Rev. J. D. Gallagher, (Dorchester, Mass.); Rev. E. Barron, (River Rouge, Mich.); Rev. M. A. Churchill, (Mason City, Iowa); Rev. H. C. Geselbracht, (Chicago, Ill.); Rev. F. J. Connors, (Peabody, Mass.); Rev. J. E. McDermott, (Worcester, Mass.); Rev. A. Jacques, (Windsor, Canada); Rev. E. J. Halloran, (Buffalo, N. Y.)  
 Bottom row, left to right: Rev. S. R. Gilbert, (Webster, Mass.); Rev. L. Jones, (Dowagiac, Mich.); Rev. W. J. Borer, (Brooklyn, N. Y.); Superior-General; Rev. T. V. Kiernan, (Cortland, N. Y.); Rev. T. J. Plunkett, (Fall River, Mass.); Rev. S. V. Hannon, (Bronx, N. Y. C.)





# THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1927



## MARYKNOLLERS ON THE WING ACROSS THE PACIFIC

**T**HIS year of grace, 1927, records the largest departure of missionaries from Maryknoll.

In January, two Sisters left for Korea. A month later, nine Sisters took their departure for Manila, followed in May by two more. On July 31, a group of ten Sisters left Maryknoll to take up work in Hawaii.

On a lovely August night, the ninth, two priests took a train from Harmon for the Coast, there to embark for Hong Kong. One of the two, Rev. Wilbur J. Borer, will direct the Maryknoll Procure in Hong Kong itself; the other, Rev. Leo Jones, will assist Fr. Meyer in an arduous mission of Kwangsi.



Sixteen other priests remained at the Seminary until September 11, under special instruction in preparation for their get-away. This event occurred on the second Sunday in September, and we regret that we cannot provide our readers with a description of the ceremony as it actually took place this year. THE FIELD AFAR, however, must go across the country so as not to be too late in reaching its readers, and, on this account, it should be in the printer's hands before the event.

We may, however, record the names and destinations of the missionaries:

*To Kaying, China.*—Rev. Joseph M. Murphy, Montreal, Canada; Rev. John D. Gallagher, Dorchester, Mass.; Rev. John J. Driscoll, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Bro. Augustine McKernan, Philadelphia, Pa.

*To Kongmoon, China.*—Rev. Francis J. Connors, Peabody, Mass.; Rev. Mark A. Churchill, Mason City, Iowa; Rev. James E. McDermott, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. John Tierney, County Cavan, Ireland.

*To Wuchow, China.*—Rev. Thomas V. Kiernan, Cortland, N. Y.

*To Fushun, Manchuria.*—Rev. Silvio R. Gilbert, Webster, Mass.;

Rev. Howard C. Geselbracht, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Armand Jacques, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

*To Korea.*—Rev. Thomas J. Plunkett, Fall River, Mass.; Rev. Stephen V. Hannon, Bronx, New York City; Rev. Edward J. Haloran, Buffalo, N. Y.

*To Hawaiian Islands.*—Rev. Edward Barron, River Rouge, Mich.



The sixteen broke ranks that night as they followed the setting sun. Six were to sail from Vancouver, four from Seattle, and two out of the Golden Gate that every Californian has seen in fancy.

Shortly before the leave-taking, word had come from Kongmoon in China that, if convenient at this end, the four missionaries destined for Bishop Walsh's mission should cross the United States very slowly, because accommodations were lacking at that end.

It was more than a broad hint to the four travelers to wear out their hat rims before setting sail, and many inquiries were made to learn just where along the line of travel in this land of gold any one or more of these young apostles could succeed.

Already, in view of departure expenses, they had faithfully orated on the subject of missions and secured some hundreds of subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR, each subscription netting them fifty cents. Occasionally, too, on

their quests, kind hearted subscribers insisted on dropping in something extra for the "poor young priest who was leaving his native land," but with a steamer almost in view, it was good to have closed their quest and to look forward to a more direct form of soul gathering.

But, *que voulez-vous?*

A language school in Kongmoon was being built for their accommodation, and there was danger that it would not be finished for two good reasons—lack of time and lack of funds. So they have tried to make up for both. Thanks to some favorable bishops and sympathetic pastors, further openings have been found for THE



FIELD AFAR pushing, and the fifty-fifty arrangement will make it possible for the four to accumulate a sum of four figures. This might mean only one thousand, but we hope that it will more nearly approach three thousand, which sum will hardly cover the cost of their language school.

As our readers open this issue of THE FIELD AFAR, then, fourteen of our apostolic sons are settling down to work in their respective mission fields, while four have yet to face the Pacific billows. They are booked to sail from San Francisco on November 27.

Give a prayer to all.

**T**HE Chinese know the great affection We have for them. They rejoiced, as at a great honor, when We gave them six native bishops, consecrating them Ourselves, at the tomb of the Apostles, and in future, whenever occasion offers, We intend to give even greater proof of Our esteem and affection for that most ancient nation. May God grant Us to do something to help towards the restoration of peace and order there, something more than the prayers which We are offering and will always offer. Meanwhile, We wish here to honor, with public praise, the missionaries and the faithful who have with such courage remained at their post of duty in the midst of the terrible upheaval of the country.—*Pope Pius XI.*

SUPPORT A CATECHIST



From Fr. Byrne

(Prepared for THE FIELD AFAR by the Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, Superior of the Maryknoll Missions in Korea)

**H**ELLO Maryknoll!!! Korea speaking! Your radio has flashed us: "Diary overdue." Answer echoes static: Sure we know it too. It is forsooth full many a moon since last the office duck did quack, and oft have we chided his nibs therefor, yet he spake not. In the first place, he was hatched one lazy bird, and you may add to this, not a dearth but rather the overwhelming rush and swirl of current events. Our history factories, modest, one-horse affairs when compared with the mammoth industries of the present-day China, have none the less been running day and night shifts, and, while the output is mostly mission minutiae, unworthy the public eye, it is withal sufficiently engrossing to the new missionary himself, sore beset with the problem of getting at least a toe-hold on his decidedly new mission.

It may be ever thus, but at least through these years of greenhornage we have ceased to count time by the calendar; we reckon it instead by the flow of events, by newly-hatched worries, problems laid to rest, banished hoodoos, unmerited good fortune both spiritual and material, by the so-tangible touch of God's providing hand. How oft at eve doth the setting missionary forget to wind his watch; bi-monthly or so he finds decadent sheets on his calendar; Easter celebrations seem somehow to leave him at a lowly crib; and he wakes up occasionally to find whole trains of months vanishing in the distance.

Agin' chesty moments, a bit of comparative arithmetic on his probable progress during the next decade will infallibly supply the verdant apostle with

ample points for meditation on the frailty of God's instruments; at the same time inspiring fervent ejaculations to Methuselah for the fountains that friend Ponce failed to find.

Whoso keepeth his diary daily, the samé is a valiant man. Like St. Luke, we too started out "to set forth in order a narration of the things that have been accomplished among us," but whereas the sacred writer did persevere in good resolve, our own like resolution hath oft fallen punctured by the wayside. Wherefore, as we gather the fragments of our diary about us, we find the past year's summary only too summary, and our flagrant spirits droop.

**I**n his own characteristic style, Fr. Byrne has depicted seven typical days of experience among his charges in Korea.

Readers who have been on The Field Afar lists for some years past will be delighted in anticipation. New readers will be introduced to a feature of The Field Afar that will awaken and strengthen an affection for Maryknoll.

Somehow we are smitten with the thought of Boston and the recollection of a painful subway journey thereunder. A bookless pariah amid browsing intellectuals—even the guard seemed to be quoting from Dante's *Inferno*—we took to reading the station signs with anxiety and profit. All of a sudden, with practically no warning at all, we beheld "SUMMER" on one side of the car and "WINTER" on the other. ('Twas apt enough; we were wearing an overcoat in August.)

So now, too, in marshaling the scraps of our diary, we find both winter and summer before us; we sense the strong resemblance, the missing link, as it were, between the wilds of Korea and those of Boston; and we are much comforted by the hope that if such a collusion of streets is tolerated at home, our own confusion of sheets may win indulgence as well. So we venture to piece a week together, though a rather

hodgepodge week it is.

Yet needs must when the diary drives and one's sketch book is so sketchy. After all, what matters the date in a land where no date matters; where time is rather a freakish figment of foreign fancy than a real talent to scourge the conscience; where in very truth there is nor beginning nor end, but only such a constant "becoming" as would mightily tickle the ribs of Hegel himself, were the old nut still riddling the universe. Yet stay, such aspersions are truthful and useless. *Revenons nous a nos moutons!* Speak up, ye seven days that the Lord hath made, what tales may ye unfold?

*Monday, Feast of St. Vincent de Paul.*—We shuffle the deck and Monday comes on top. 'Tis a good omen. Monday in Korea is a fair sweet day—tainted with no sickening scent of soap and suds that blasts its character among les misérables at home.

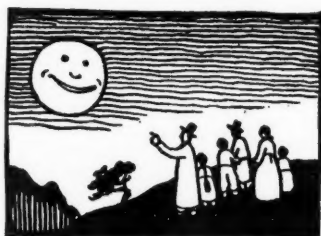
Among the Koreans too it is "moon day" by name; a most honorable name, indeed, for 'tis the Man in the Moon who prints the calendar over here and to the several days allots their destinies. On the fifteenth night of the new year, all Dissatisfied-Ones climb the hills to salute His Royal Rotundity, who, in turn, if properly greeted, will within the next twelvemonth infallibly send down the heart's desire, be it a hubby, a baby, or a mint. Perhaps if we missionaries had more confidence in His Lunar Nibs, we shouldn't be writing home so often for money. (Home papers please copy. What a genuine pleasure it is to deal with folks who can take a hint without a sledge hammer!)



From Fr. Byrne

A disgraceful puzzle in Boston

**ONWARD, ONWARD**



From Fr. Byrne

*On the fifteenth night  
of the new year*

This Monday is fair enough, with lowering skies, 'tis true, but they came no lower all day. Reports of floods up the Yalu valley sound ominous to us who are down the valley, yet no lines of worry may mar the placid brows of these Shingishuites, for your true Oriental, no matter what panic may grip his heart, will wear the poker face, or nobler still, the smiling face. It was a passionate patriot who declared, hearing an eloquent discourse on resignation, that he didn't care a tinker's dam what happened, so long as it didn't happen to him.

The Korean goes further in his heroics: before the world, he doesn't care whatever may happen to him, so long as the world thinks he doesn't care. It was only yesterday that I made out with difficulty, through the hearty laughter of a passing friend, the fact that his only baby had recently died. Nor was this hysteria—but "face."

Now, it hath been said that sometimes a face will stop a clock, but never hath it been heard that face did stop a flood. Moreover, upper valley floods bode greater ills for us near the river's mouth, where a rising tide of fifteen feet surges in to challenge the turgid river's wild race to the sea. Two years ago, the coincidence of high tides with heavy rains caused over two thousand deaths from drowning, in Antung and Shingishu. Under the present circumstances, therefore, one would expect a wild rush of preparedness, but these white-robed philosophers refuse to sully their bright hopes for the best by preparing for the worst. Yet one condescension is accorded to chance: today's civic service centers exclusively and industriously insisted on the re-

moval of suburban porkers to safety zones within the dike. Save for the panic of the pigs, all is serene.

The catechist came around after his breakfast—time, not purpose—to report on yesterday's collection for the new church: two yen, ten sen—in U. S. A., one dollar, five. Now, there be pastors at home who could issue a fervid encyclical on this fell fact, accurately deducing the numbers of donors from the number of nickels (apparently no one ever gives two) and anathematizing both. This is a laudable practice in Catholic countries, and much to be commended. Would that in Korea, too, the faith were so well advanced, but, alas, we pastors over here must stifle our anathemas; what with the prevalence of pennies, we count him thrice blessed who is nickel-plated on Sunday morn.

Our Protestant brethren invariably report the Koreans to be generous givers, their total annual contribution being over a million yen—half a million dollars. But we find a curious reluctance, a stubborn complaisance, on the part of our own. After all, it may go with the faith. Even St. Paul, in his day, had to stir them up; and lo an' behold ye, didn't one of our own Shingishu "pillars of the church," when urged to contribute regularly, aver that the so doing would make him "just like the Protestants."

Still we find generous hearts too. Hardly had the catechist glided away, with the slow, stately "sashay" of the scholar, when a breezy little maid sailed in, planked down a tattered one-yen note, whispered "for the new church,"

## WILLS

Wills are proving one of the steadiest sources of income for the extension of Maryknoll activities. Hardly a week goes by without evidence that some kind friend, facing the great day of accounting, has remembered the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

The bequests are not large, as a rule, but they are rarely conditioned, so that we can apply them to the thousand and one needs that are ever present in such a work as ours.

backed, tacked, and would have scudded away whither she had whenced. This lady owns to fourteen years, and a pagan mother and dad of the astringent type, with an abiding regret that in a moment of weakness they permitted their daughter to get mixed up with the Korean equivalent of "that crowd of Irish." Nearly every visit to church means running the gauntlet at home, yet daily she goes to church. She wore no stockings, nor ribbon in her hair, the *ultima Thule* of the Korean maid's desire. This would have secured both. How long it was in the saving we cannot; so neither may we measure the love it declared to the Sacred Heart. However, as luck would have it, the lassie got both socks and streamers, for Fr. Hunt had just received a consignment of assorted styles from the young folks at home, in Lackawanna Valley, where some chickens have been molting, and right wondrous is the plumage in that box.

A visit to the site of the new church finds the basement excavation yawning yet more widely. All the coolies are Chinese, even though we have poor Korean fathers and sons of Korean families, out of work, and needy. The explanation offered is that a Korean cannot exist on the wages paid a Chinese. So, too, a Japanese cannot live on the wages of a Korean, nor an American on the salary of the Nipponese.

Who's next, after America? And in this wide world is there yet another degree below the Chinese? We mind a strike in Singapore, where women carrying coal to the liners wanted their day's wage raised from five to seven cents—with the companies indignantly refusing to yield to any such gross extortion. Well, it may all be purely relative, as Lazarus said to the crumbs, but there comes the wonder if the many mansions in my Father's home are not perchance in inverse ratio to the many here on earth; and lo, *ceteris paribus*, where shall we Americans be?

After supper, on our newly-screened back porch, an innovation, we helped our regular evening callers harken to his master's voice. The good friends in Olyphant, Pennsylvania, who gave

LET US PUSH THEM

that victrola, can never appreciate how much pleasure their thoughtful gift has brought to us.

Personally, there is only one of the "refinements of civilization" that we miss; that is, a jazzless concert, with an occasional trance via Kreisler or Heifetz. The next best is hearing them canned, and what a delectable end of a crowded day to live a moment musicale with Schubert par Fritz, or watch the fireworks of Jascha shatter the very stars! So do we get wound up for the evening, and, with our white-garbed native friends squatting around, politely bored, the dust of the day's work drifts away and the tumult and the shouting dies while the dusky shades of night steal softly over the back fence and around by the kitchen door, bringing great calm to smooth our ruffled feathers.

There is at times, in beautiful music, as in an occasional masterpiece of nature's colors, something quite beyond even the scribe of Gerontius, or the brush of Angelo; something that, while merely natural, yet reaches higher, almost—one applies it reverently—"a foretaste of things to be hoped for," as if some stray beam from heaven had passed that way but a moment before. It is not granted man to expound these feelings, but, when they come, does he not comprehend the better that strange silence of risen Lazarus? What a sublime dispensation 'twould be to harken to the almost-more-than-mortal Newman, enriched with a Kreisler's technique, bringing back on some rare gem from Cremona "those angel faces smile," once seen so clear but lost awhile! Mayhap we shall yet have the chance, after general judgment. Meanwhile, we must be content to do our soaring on the victrola.

We came down to earth in "The Old Oaken Bucket," and, minded not to kick it, turned in. Distance is trying to lend enchantment to the angry roar of the river, but there's too much menace in its murmur ever to make a lullaby.

*Tuesday, Feast of St. Jerome.*—The rains fell and the winds blew. The new Shingishu church did not fall down, but it filled up. Yesterday our

basilica was basement, today it is aquarium. The sensible move now would seem to be a bark of Peter along the lines of Noah's ark—for the normal rainy season is past and gone. Usually we have two or three weeks of heavy rains—rarely more. This year we have already had three times as much and still the clouds keep bursting in air.

As was predicted yesterday, the swollen waters of the upper river duly arrived at Shingishu to be met at the proper hour by the regular high tide. The confluence took place at two in the morning, and by three there was many a straw roof floating over the waters, the rest of the houses having gone down to the foul mud from whence they had sprung, unhonored



and unsung, but copiously wept, while those who called them "home" were huddled together in the pelting rain, with their bedding and kitchen tools on the top of the friendly dike. Apparently, in the stress of the hour, a short moratorium on face had been declared. Since land within the dike is dear, whereas it is cheap without, the suburbs formed no mean city.

As we walked among the forlorn groups, it seemed somehow unfair to be dry and comfortable, with boots, raincoat, and umbrella. Thank God the day was a warm one! One impression remains vivid—that of an old man, white-haired, feeble, crouched amid those salvaged relics of his former home, on his shoulders a slanting board

that may have persuaded an occasional drop to miss him, abject misery in the very depths; yet with eyes closed, and, to judge by his face, rapt beyond the ken of this world, he was fervently telling the hundred and eight beads of his Buddhist rosary. Surely, if recited to Buddha, Christ received the prayer. "Other sheep I have—not of this fold." How long, O Lord, how long, ere they hear Thy voice; and there be one fold, one Shepherd?

We called our catechist into consultation about ways and means to dull somewhat the edge of this misery. The Christians can give nothing; some have lost everything except their debts. Our own vote is in favor of prepared food, for the schools are open as shelters.

The catechist agreed. "If the Father can do this, these unfortunates will bless him forever," quoth he, with his hand on his tummy, "and bless his American friends who gave him the wherewith." Whenever saying anything touching or poetic, he reverently places his palm forerst his breadbasket. For him 'tis the seat of the emotions. We have seen him too full for utterance. Withal, he is truly dignified and a capable worker, well-liked and wearable. Years ago, he left home to study for the priesthood, but the girl he left behind him, a wonderful cook, soon brought him back, and to my limited knowledge they lived happily ever after. His eldest son has now followed his father to the seminary. We pray that he may persevere, remember no one who can cook like mother, and, in the end, go to the altar without being led.

After arranging to buy some rice in wholesale (but surely insufficient) lots, we turned to the next number of the program, "Why Girls Leave Home, or Would You Believe It?" that was waiting patiently at the door. She was a youngish dame, of about five-and-twenty summers, and perhaps as many winters. The tears lay heavy on her lids, whilst ever and anon a submerged sob would start at her very heels to work its way up. A statue of woe was she, a moving picture, and we began to feel a mite woeful ourself.

"What's the matter?" I inquired cau-





From Fr. Byrne

*A Rosary to Buddha*

tiously. No answer. "Prithee cough it up," says I, seeking solicitous idioms; "tell me wherefore dost thou grieve—what ill turn of fortune hath gotten thy goat?"

Thereupon she got down to brass tacks, and we soon found that it wasn't her goat at all but our own that was endangered. In brief, she wanted a loan, no picayune of a loan, but a fat, substantial, Dawes sort of loan, so that hubby could set himself up in the wake of Wanamaker or Montgomery-Ward, and enjoy his proper meed of surcease from vain toil.

Of course, repayment in a month or so was guaranteed. It always is—but it never is. Payment and *paymcent* are synonyms over here. We were then handed an ultimatum by desperate Dorothea: either the good Father ponied up or the poor lady in distress would promptly go and sell herself to the highest bidder. "Wait till next Sunday," I urged, "and I'll announce your harrowing plight from the pulpit."

She didn't believe me. Probably because she knew we hadn't even an altar rail. (Home papers please copy.) I reassured her. "We'll take up a collection for you incog," says I.

"But even so, I should lose face," she protests.

"Which would you rather lose—your face or your soul?"—and to this she retorted by moving the previous question, that only our loan would stop her. Of course, the subsidy was not forthcoming. When the collection was refused, we knew it was just a scheme to get a little raise from Father. She dudgeoned away and is now probably helping hubby hatch some other cute scheme to stave off awhile longer the

dreaded manual labor. Such is mission life in the great wilds of our little pagan town of Shingishu on the Yalu.

In the afternoon, Bro. Joseph had quite a run on his infirmary; so 'tis a gala day for him. He is never so blissfully radiant as when harpooning a deadly boil, lading out castor oil, or prescribing whatever pills he may have in greatest supply. Both his medicines and his cures are boosting his popularity; he is a-carving a niche unto himself in the Hall of Pain, and it is his lasting regret that he cannot carve it even deeper with scalpel, chisel, and saw.

Cook John served up a first-class dinner tonight, one of those spreads that bring home the "unbearable hardships" of mission life, but Brother waxed so enthusiastic about his latest acquisitions, a rare gem of a patient just loaded down with sores and scabs and all sorts of lovely running things, that we fain set aside for Joey more than his usual share of the meal.

Meet Joey, the latest member of the community! Meet him as he comes running up tonight, on our way home

**MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA SAYS**

- \$1** for a day's support of a missionaryer.
- \$20** for a month's wages of a catechist.
- \$30** for the yearly support of a schoolboy or girl or the yearly support of a leper.
- \$50** for the yearly retreat expenses of a missionaryer.
- \$100** for the yearly support of a student, the yearly upkeep of a village school, the yearly travel expenses of a missionaryer.
- \$150** for the yearly support of a native seminarian.
- \$200** for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.
- \$240** for the yearly salary of a catechist.
- \$250** for the yearly support of a native priest.
- \$300** for the personal support and travel expenses, for one year, of a missionaryer.
- \$400** for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.
- \$500** for a village school, the outfit and travel expenses of a missionaryer or a Sister, to Asia, or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.
- \$1000** for a chapel or an orphanage.

**TODAY NOT TOMORROW****STRINGLESS GIFTS**

are the best. If you hitch your gift with a string, it might escape its greatest usefulness.

from night prayers, to greet us with a warm hug and a yap. Joey, as they say in Piccadilly Circus, is by way of being a baby bear, though as a matter of fact he is only a little ball of black yarn. Born of poor but thieving parents, he was orphaned at an early age, and became a hobo. His pitiful plight so touched the hearts of the Maryknoll Sisters that they made a home for the sweet little darling at the Gishu convent—only to kick the horrid rascal out, a few days later.

So he adopted us, and is now living happily with Teddy Airedale, the master of the house. Joey's heaven is inside a condensed milk can, and his efforts to get there would shame many a faltering pilgrim of the purgative way. But Joey's welcome tonight is a trifle overdone, and we soon found the reason. Fr. Hunt's pajamas are in ribbons. Evidently Joey, conscious of his beariness, had been trying to climb into them before his siesta. We give this striking instance to the evolutionists for what it is worth. They have often built up a very complete case on less.

The story of THEOPHANE VENABLE has inspired many to follow in his path.

To place here and there a copy of his life may be the part that God is asking you to play in the apostolic drama of the world.

**MEET JOEY!**

He may lack the proper crease in his trousers, but, in other details, he is quite presentable.



From Fr. Byrne

## Here and There

**D**O you know that there are nearly 4,000 Americans in Shanghai; that a school for their children cost \$1,000,000; a business club quite as much; a country club, \$500,000; and a church (not Catholic), \$250,000?

*The Memoir of a Mother*, issued by the Gilmartin Company of San Francisco, is an edifying little brochure that sketches effectively the story of a devout woman whose faith and charity manifested themselves not only in her own life but in those of her two children, one of whom, a Sister of the Precious Blood, still survives her.

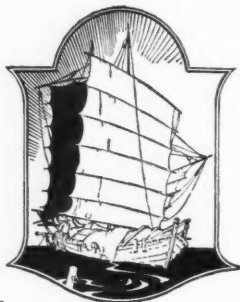
From Quebec comes the *Bulletin de l'Union Missionnaire du Clergé*. It is good to see this movement crossing the Atlantic from Europe where it is already well under way.

Its object is to sustain and strengthen the interest of priests in world-missions. Special attention is given in the bulletin to the mission activities of Canadian priests, Brothers, and Sisters.

Some time ago we hinted delicately, as we thought, that it would be a fine sacrifice and helpful to all concerned (except profiteers) to spend less money on facial decorations and more on certain good works.

A woman reader came back with vim justifying the need of face improvement and advising men to give up tobacco. We lost heart, but here is another item which has been clipped for our attention:

For cosmetics, the American woman is annually spending \$100,000,000, according to reports from the beauty factories. This amount is spent by approximately 40,000,000 women. Of this number, approximately 8,000,000 are Catholic women. If they spend proportionately as much as their neighbors for first aids to beauty, they alone are investing \$20,000,000 a year—which is how many times more than all the Catholics of the United States are contributing to the cause of home and foreign missions?



Two strange books lie on my desk. One is small and there is not a familiar word in it, only page upon page of Chinese ideographs which, we understand, convey ideas of certain proprieties. But this book represents painstaking labor on the part of a Maryknoll priest, Fr. Bernard Meyer.

The second book has three hundred pages. It is very well printed on excellent paper and bound in pigskin—at a guess. Stamped in gold on the outside is the title, *Introduction to Hakka*. This is a study book of the Hakka dialect and has been made possible through previous efforts of Fr. Charles Rey of the Paris Foreign Missions and the invaluable aid of a Chinese layman. This second book has been prepared, evidently at the cost of much effort, by Fr. James Drought, who has graciously dedicated it to the Maryknoll Superior, offering it as the "lispering utterance of Maryknoll's infant mission."

We are gratified to note such accomplishments of Maryknollers in China. May these two publica-

tions be followed by many as the years advance and the sons of Maryknoll acquire knowledge and experience.

Many readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* were living when the Little Flower went to heaven and some—not so many—when Théophane Vénard won his martyr's crown.

Thérèse of the Child Jesus was born some years ago after Blessed Théophane died; so the young martyr never knew the little Carmelite on this earth. But Thérèse of the Child Jesus had read with keenest interest the life of her young compatriot to whom she refers in several of her letters.

Maryknoll is fortunate to have been instrumental in making known to English-speaking Catholics the story of Théophane Vénard. The Superior of Maryknoll, who edited the young martyr's life, publishing it under the title of *A Modern Martyr*, was a personal friend of Fr. Eusebius Vénard, the brother who prepared the process of beatification.

*A Modern Martyr* was a pronounced success and has reached an enviable circulation of some 20,000 copies. To its influence can be traced scores of vocations, not only to the mission congregations but to the priesthood and sisterhoods in the homeland as well.

Maryknoll, then, has reason to believe that through the combined intercession of Blessed Théophane Vénard and the Little Flower who admired him so much, many and

## PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America means a share in all the spiritual riches of Maryknoll priests, seminarians, Brothers, and Sisters, as long as the organization shall endure. Already Maryknoll has one hundred priests and a total personnel of some five hundred. In the five separate Missions of the Orient assigned to the Society, there are many converts yearly.

A part in the prayers, labors, and sacrifices of this ever-increasing body is not too dearly secured at the rate of fifty dollars. Associate yourself now with the Maryknoll Mission Movement in America.

MAKE CHRIST LOVED

fine vocations can be aroused in this country.

For the first Maryknoll Preparatory College in Pennsylvania, Blessed Théophane Vénard was chosen as the special patron; for the second, that at Los Altos, the Little Flower has been selected. Statues of each of these patrons will be set up in both colleges and in the Seminary at Maryknoll.

We hope that the day is not far distant when Catholic schools throughout the land will likewise be provided with statues of these two lovable young saints of our own age. A more intimate knowledge of their lives cannot fail to edify and strengthen the youth of today.

**Will you leave home and country to spread the faith of Christ?**

#### "DISCIPLES OF THE LORD"

THE Chinese Missions have recently enriched the Church by the creation of a new Religious Congregation under the title of *Discipuli Domini* (the Lord's Disciples).

It is the direct work of His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, the Apostolic Delegate to China, who is leaving no stone unturned to stimulate mission progress—and particularly native participation in it.

The new congregation, while not restricted, of course, to Chinese priests, is designed especially for them, and has for its special purpose the inculcation of missionary spirit and activity among the native clergy. It covers, in short, about the same scope as that embodied by the Paulist Congregation in America. It is an attempt to convert China by the Chinese.

This project is only just taking shape and it is too soon to tell what the extent of its growth and progress will be, but it is not too soon to see in it a providential development for the native clergy of China.

The missionary spirit cannot come too soon to any clergy.

**THE** call presses for more priests—and, we may add, for Brothers and Sisters. As yet, Maryknoll missions are not adequately staffed, while other fields await the day when the Maryknoll Superior can say, "We are ready to accept your request for laborers."

This scholastic year 1927-1928 will be marked by a special effort to secure promising vocations. Prayers of cloistered communities and of other religious will be sought. The faithful will be urged to remember this need. A Maryknoll priest will visit schools and speak on vocations in general, with emphasis on the foreign missions.

#### CHASING DELINQUENTS

In the past fiscal year, it cost us \$3,905.46 to follow up forgetful subscribers. We were heavy at heart at this loss, but it brought back twenty thousand and some more so that our grief was somewhat lightened.

Some of these kindly added a gift to make up for their failure and to help meet our loss, while others purchased books, which was also a gratifying compensation. Others, too, who were so circumstanced that they could do so, wrote, "Never again. Make me a perpetual member"—and enclosed fifty dollars. Some sent Mass intentions which were very welcome.

Our loss, however, was a considerable one, and we expected it, but we hope that our good friends will keep in mind that the dollar which is paid for a subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR* hardly covers the cost of publication and mailing. So treat us kindly, dear reader. We do not like to spend money that is needed for our work here and abroad. Would you?

**Maryknoll opens its arms to youths who are capable of great sacrifices for Christ!**

#### ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

#### CONTEMPLATIVE ORDERS IN CHINA

IN the whole of China, there are three contemplative houses—with another in preparation. One is the Trappist Monastery in Peking. There are two Carmels, one in Shanghai and one at Chung King in Szechuen Province. The Trappists look forward to a new foundation in the near future.

Four centers in China seem very slight provision for the contemplative life, although China, of course, is a mission country making its first steps in the fold.

Even America, after all, is still limited in this respect. There are only a very few such religious houses for men. The communities of Sisters are more numerous, of course; there are sixteen Carmels alone in America and many other cloisters; but, altogether, more than half the dioceses of America still lack any contemplative community of any sort.

While China, then, may not suffer so greatly by comparisons, all things considered, yet it is plain that it ought to try to do more. For this, there are two of the very best reasons in the world—one is the fact, indisputable to a Catholic, that nothing aids more the conversion of souls than the merit of the perfect lives lived in the cloister. The other reason is the wish of the Holy Father. He says in the *Rerum Ecclesiae*:

We earnestly exhort the superiors of contemplative orders to introduce and to extend more and more in mission lands that form of austere life by founding monasteries. . . . If the superiors of contemplative orders will respond to these demands and establish their religious in different places in the missions, they will perform a work extremely beneficial to those immense multitudes of pagans, and their action will give Us more satisfaction and pleasure than can be imagined.

It is not to be doubted that the Holy Father's strong words will bear fruit, and the land that was desolate and barren will rejoice in its gardens enclosed.



## About Fall River

IT was a yearning for the fuller Catholic life that gave birth to Maryknoll in 1911.

"Foreign Missions" was then a new word. It was no path of roses for one who would dedicate himself to the task of arousing interest in and encouraging vocations to foreign missions. Many considered it premature; others, whose vision was dimmed by absorbing diocesan or parochial problems, could see no sense in reaching out to pagan lands.

The experience of only fifteen years has justified the opportuneness of launching in the United States the foreign mission movement. Its marvelous development is attested by the greatly increased financial contributions and by an already noteworthy representation in the mission personnel, many religious societies sharing with Maryknoll the foreign field.

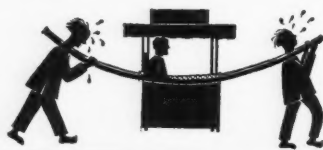
Among the special friends of Maryknoll who, from the beginning, have not only endorsed her purpose but have lent encouragement in every way, by speaking a kind word in her behalf, by providing openings for necessary financial support, and by directing vocations to her doors, has been the Fall River Diocese. From its zealous shepherd, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Feehan, through the ranks of the clergy to the faithful laity, Maryknoll has received most favorable recognition. All have given clear and generous evidence of the Catholic spirit that animates this manufacturing center of New England, and Maryknoll is deeply grateful for the warm support.

Maryknoll now has working actively in the mission fields, from the Fall River Diocese:

Fr. John E. Morris, Fr. Anthony Paulhus, Fr. John J. Toomey, Fr. William A. Fletcher, Sr. M. Lawrence Foley, Sr. M. Monica Moffat, Sr. M. de Chantal Galligan, Sr. M. Assumpta Duffy, and Sr. M. William Duffy.

And at the other Maryknolls or in training:

Fr. John J. Considine, Fr. Thomas J. Plunkett, Brother Fabian Smith, John E. Joyce, Edmond A. Toomey, William Bliven, Leo Melancon, Sr. M. Charles



## A HEAVY LOAD

It rather looks as if all the weight were on the coolies' shoulders, but, though the missionary seems a lot cooler, the heaviest burden rests on him. He is revolving in his mind for the *n*th time the

## CATECHIST PROBLEM

By and by, some of his Chinese seminarians will finish their course and he will be aided by native priests. But, during the years between, the success of his labors depends largely on the aid of native catechists. Converts on the missions would be numbered by thousands, where now there are only hundreds or even tens, if there were a sufficient number of native catechists.

Are you alive to this need? The monthly wages of a Chinese catechist in the Maryknoll Missions is \$15. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, the stipend is \$20.

McDonald, Sr. M. Winifred Collins, Sr. M. Ernestine Mathieu, and Sr. Paul Miriam Galligan.

In its financial backing of the missions, Fall River, though far from registering wealthy Catholic communities, has always stood ready to contribute of its means. Maryknoll students, home on vacations, have been aided by pastors who allowed them to secure subscriptions to *THE FIELD AFAR* in their churches, the priests themselves urging coöperation from the pulpit.

A most notable evidence of warm regard for Maryknoll was given by the clergy of Fall River on the occasion of the diocesan retreat held in 1925. In answer to an appeal from the front lines in the mission field and on an invita-

tion from Bishop Feehan, the priests of this comparatively small diocese contributed over five thousand dollars to be apportioned to the Fall Riverites serving as Maryknoll missionaries in China and Korea.

Many of the laity have been organized into mission bands under the guidance of a priest for the purpose of keeping "green" the memory of "Fall River's Own" in the Catholic foreign legions.

Even at the present moment, though Fall River Diocese is passing through an industrial setback, a returned Maryknoll missionary has been granted generous permission to canvass the diocese and has met with a kindly reception from its pastors.

Three vital factors make for mission progress—prayer, personal service, and material aid. Fall River has supplied Maryknoll with all three, and we are deeply grateful. May God bless this virile Catholic diocese abundantly!

## Father Lane Writes

EVERY Knoller, whether in the Philippines, South China, Manchuria, Korea, Hawaii, Rome, or in the different parts of the States, looks to the main Center as a home, a source of inspiration, a means of instruction, and an object of affection.

The Home Knoll is the generating plant for all Maryknoll works, but it needs distributing centers for the spirit of propaganda and love of souls which all Knollers originally imbibed at the Center.

A new field has been confided to Maryknoll, and a new sub-center must be erected. The field is southeastern Manchuria and Fushun is the new center.

Coal has made Fushun. It will take one hundred years to exhaust its supply, and, in the meantime, other industries are springing up which are attracting thousands of Chinese from the war-torn provinces inside the Great Wall.

Among these immigrants are many Catholics. These are the immediate





Photo from Fr. Lane

## THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY AT DAIREN, MANCHURIA

*This photograph was taken on the occasion of Fr. Lane's visit. Directly behind Fr. Lane is Fr. Lacroix; and, farther to the left, Fr. Poyaud, both confreres of the Paris Foreign Missions*

concern of the new mission at Fushun; but the works of the center are far more embracing.

THE FIELD AFAR is the Knollers' "bread and butter." It is the convert's "Baptism, Penance, Eucharist, and Extreme Unction." If it did not function, they and we should be in a sorry plight. If we could not fall back on the homeland, the task before us would be staggering. Somehow or other we feel that if other plans fall through, the "Old Reliable"—FIELD AFAR—will stand behind us. We do not wish to overtax the generosity of certain FIELD AFAR readers, but we know that not every subscriber is a giver and we are wondering if we cannot convert to the Fushun mission, backers, some interested readers who till now have not actively coöperated with the work of Maryknoll.

Four months ago we did not know that we should be at Fushun this year; nor did we expect to be founding a center for at least two years. For many reasons, it was thought advisable to begin immediately, not the least of which is the insistence on the part of government authorities at Fushun that we begin some sort of building this year on a valuable plot of land given free to the Church.

This development is embarrassing, since it throws upon us the burden of building before we have a chance to gather the capital necessary. A cable to the Mother Knoll secured a loan for the first building and the situation is saved, although we are anxious to relieve our creditor who has advanced the loan without interest.

We have decided to begin our central house at Fushun immediately and will build half of it now. We will leave the rest to wait *à la Maryknoll* until the need is urgent and the funds permit.

Last Easter, our little chapel could not house the congregation. Over one hundred heard Mass *al fresco*. We feel like the old woman who lived in a shoe, with this difference—that we know what to do, and that is to begin the new church next year. We hope to construct the basement which will serve for some time. It should accommodate five hundred and this is no small proposition, even in Manchuria.

With the basement of the new church finished and a house for the priests, we can fix up our present building to accommodate the Sisters for a year; after which they should get into a convent and release the existing houses for their works. Later, in God's good time, but soon, we hope, will come a novitiate for native Sisters and a preparatory

Seminary for native priests, because our task is to prepare China for the Chinese.

When we look at the works established in China and other mission countries, we marvel at the accomplishments, considering the meager resources of the missionaries and the efforts required to gather them. The work was not done in a day, nor has it been spectacular; but it is highly creditable, and tends to restrain our own impatience—bred as we were in a land where things move too fast and where, frequently, eternal things are forgotten as a result.

In view of this prospective development, then, the new mission of Fushun hopes to have its share of friends among THE FIELD AFAR readers.

Though China is disturbed at present, and the prophet is without honor here, there are not lacking those who say that signs of better times begin to appear and that the Church may be, with respect to the government, in much the same position as in our own land. We hope and pray for that day and for the men and means to take advantage of it.

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## THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

AWAY they go—eighteen Maryknoll priests to the mission fields of Eastern Asia. And those who have watched will tell you that for each one withdrawn from the fatherland for the spread of the faith in pagan countries, four extra will be provided for the home needs.

THE time has come when we should teach our youth not only to become true patriots of their own land, but also to become loyal citizens of the world and servants of humanity.

So spoke Prince Tokugawa recently in the course of a commencement address at an American school in Japan. Prince Tokugawa, it may be recalled, was Japan's chief delegate to the First Disarmament Conference at Washington. The sentiment is a fine one and should certainly find an echo in the heart of every Catholic—who by the profession of that title should see in every man a brother for whom Christ has died.

COMMENT on conditions in China has been frequent and varied. We have read all kinds of predictions from many sources, Catholic and non-Catholic, encouraging and pessimistic.

For ourselves, we have never questioned the future of the Church in China, and that for many reasons—none stronger than

this which was uttered by a non-Catholic Christian, that "real Christianity can never be doomed anywhere."

Truth penetrates, and, with all their troubles, the masses of people in China are not yet so materially advanced that they cannot receive the word of God.

Through darkness to light, through sufferings to joys, through death to life—the true Church of Christ will inevitably make its voice heard in China if those of us who claim her as our mother will cooperate with Christ in the saving of souls.

A GOOD reason why most missionaries do not ride in taxicabs is because there are none to ride in.

The same man who is content with a bowl of rice in Canton will gladly consume Little Neck clams when he finds himself at the New York Athletic Club.

We are all creatures of environment, in the sense that God's Will in our regard is ordinarily found in accepting what we find. Some saints were kings and some were beggars. Yet there remains St. Paul's counsel to *fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ*.

Many delight to search out the most perfect ways of pleasing God. Love will give all it can; it's built that way.

A taxicab fare goes far in China. Would you fatigue yourself walking in order to bring a lost sheep to the Divine Shepherd? Once He sat down tired—looking for you. It was at the well where He met the Samaritan woman. Do you remember? You were hopelessly lost; and He was tired. But He found you.

It is not your duty to undergo

fatigue. That is the missionary's work. But a taxicab fare will go a long way in China.

OF the Anglican bishop of Korea, the Rt. Rev. Mark Trollope, we have heard much from our French confreres, as also from our own Maryknollers, all of whom evidently admire this zealous man. We now learn that Bishop Trollope has visited Rome and has written for *The East and West* an article on the Holy Father's encyclical, *Rerum Ecclesiae*, concerning foreign missions.

In this article, Bishop Trollope pays a warm tribute to the missionary activity of Catholics among the heathen and rebukes those of his coreligionists who close their eyes to all that is being done by Catholics in the mission fields.

He appeals for more sympathetic interest in the "great missionary work of the Church of Rome," and adds that his experience has almost invariably been to find Roman Catholics in the mission field ready to answer courtesy with courtesy and sympathy with sympathy, to discuss difficulties and impart information.

Bishop Trollope placed at the disposal of the Vicar Apostolic of Seoul, only last year, information which enabled him to add three more names to the list of Korean martyrs in 1866, the process for whose beatification is now being carried through in Rome.

ONE of the special difficulties which the organizers of Maryknoll have to face is the fact that, unlike older mission-training institutes and religious orders, Maryknoll, being new, has had no foundations for the support of its mis-

### LIFE INSURANCE

It may happen that those for whom you now wish to provide should die before you.

Why not make Maryknoll your alternate beneficiary? Others have already found the idea worth considering.

sioners, and no contributing units, such as parishes, colleges, and so forth.

This difficulty should gradually disappear, at least to a notable extent, so as to secure the future and to develop satisfactorily.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society today counts one hundred priests. Thirty of these are engaged in the several houses of the general Society; that is, in the Seminary, Colleges, and Procures. The others are at work in the mission field.

For the living expenses of every priest, six hundred dollars a year must be provided from some source or other; and we are often asked: "Where do you get even that much?"

The answer is the old and only one—*God's Providence*. We live from day to day and we do not know what tomorrow will bring forth. Happily, priests with surplus Mass intentions have so far kept us supplied; so that one-half our sustenance is met. For the remainder, we rob Peter to pay Paul, applying stringless gifts to vital needs and waiting for better days.

We may add that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is now giving a subsidy to some of our missionaries.

This is not by any means adequate, but it is helpful and decidedly welcome.

We hope and believe that the subsidy will continue and be increased, but knowing how large is the army of Christ, we realize that our missionaries must yet look to their center. That is why we are now calling for Mission Support Foundations at five thousand dollars each.



SOME one has said that every student is at one period or other in his life something of a Bolshevik. This period seems to be prolonged and more energetic outside of the United States, and, in these latter days, especially in China and Japan.

The Minister of Education in



SHE MOTHERS THE CHILDREN  
OF MANY LANDS

Japan writes:

Young, energetic, and quick-tempered students are liable to be captivated by radical principles. This is their natural propensity; so it is better to guide their thoughts and ideas that they may be saved from the influence of desperate radicalism. Harsh oppression by might and power will be horrible in its consequences. History testifies to the truth of our contentions.

How can the thought of students best be controlled? This is certainly a very difficult question. Should they be easily misled by radical ideas and should they become fanatical, they must, of course, be stringently controlled. If we be permitted to state our view candidly, students are involuntarily captivated by radicalism, chiefly through the influence of lecturers. We can assert without injustice that not a few of the professors in the government and private higher educational institutions are advocates of radical principles. As long as they are allowed to pursue the teaching profession, their students will naturally be influenced by their radical ideas. We do not hesitate to conclude that professors are the origin of radical thought. They are the

fountainhead of radicalism. It is necessary for the purpose of effective control to take proper steps to rectify fundamental errors. Let the fountainhead be purified, and the stream will become pure in the due course of time. This is our advice to the educational authorities.



LOYALTY to Christ should not stand on hatred for Christ's enemies—*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do*, He prayed on the cross. Hence, in telling the hero tales of Catholic martyrs, an unhealthy state of mind is inculcated in children if the followers of Islam, Chinese, Indians, and others are represented as malicious and deserving of no consideration, because some among them played the devil's part toward Christians.

The child must look beyond the Christian sufferers to the pagan persecutors and pray for them. It must never be permitted to forget that wicked as have been some unbelievers, they have souls as precious as the men they persecuted.

Likewise, the blessings of Christian civilization should not be pictured to children at the expense of the truth regarding conditions in pagan lands. Now is the time to remove from propaganda for missions, those often false, or, at best, entirely secondary motives for the apostolate to the heathen—namely, physical misery and degradation. Emphasis on these points is resented by certain peoples, highly cultured, who feel that their nation has been misrepresented.

We Christians are exhibiting spiritual wares, with all mankind as prospects. We are doing this solely on the command of Christ to call all men to Him, and out of Christian love for the spiritual good of our fellow wayfarers on the road to eternity.

### A SLOGAN—GET A FRIEND

Do not be afraid to ask others to subscribe to *The Field Afar*. They will acquire a great deal more than their dollar's worth, and you will have the merit of aiding the mission cause. Get at least one new friend for your old friend—*The Field Afar*.

HAVE RECEIVED THEIR ORDERS



# Bishop Walsh and Fr. McShane's Orphans

BISHOP WALSH of Kongmoon has been taking observations from his watch-tower.

Shortly before his own consecration and a few weeks before the death of our beloved Father McShane, Monsignor Walsh wrote the following appeal for Father McShane's latest orphanage.

Were we in a position to do so, we would seize the opportunity mentioned and establish a *Father McShane Memorial*—to which precious little souls could be brought and made heirs of heaven.

Monsignor Walsh wrote:

The next time you buy Lintan matting at Wanamaker's, give a thought to the flea-bitten little Chinese market that wove the pretty stuff. Lintan is a few miles from Loting, and Father McShane, who looks after that district, has been trying to weave into the lives of its people a touch of the true religion.

The Chinese themselves are surprised at the way babies are discarded in this section. The practice of abandoning babies varies greatly in different parts of China. In Sanning, for instance, it is not done at all; babies there, on the contrary, are at a premium and many are bought for adoption.

The custom of throwing babies away does exist, however, to some extent in most large centers, and it may be said in general to constitute a fairly widespread evil. But in Loting and Lintan, it is practiced on a scale that amazes even the Chinese.

This circumstance pointed the way for Father McShane's first attempt to break the ice for the introduction of mission influence in Lintan.

A rented shop is the logical start of a mission. To rent a shop for babies to die in, however, is not an easy matter in superstitious China. A widespread belief holds that death brings bad joss to a house, and hence considerate people are expected to die outside.

Viewing, one day, a splendid new hospital in Sunchong, erected by ultra-modern Chinese returned from America, a cute little outhouse was remarked beside it. The individual longest in China and thereby expected to be a walking encyclopedia on things Chi-



Photo from Fr. Rauschenbach  
FATHER MCSHANE'S ORPHANS  
Watching the goat that nourishes them

nese conjectured that it was a good idea to place the kitchen outside to avoid heating the house in summer. "Kitchen nothing," volunteered some local type standing near, "that's the place for the people to die in."

Yet Father McShane finally found a Lintan man who was willing to rent, though not without exciting the ire of his neighbors. They protested that the

whole street would certainly cease to enjoy happiness as a result. However, the owner conquered his fears for a consideration, and a Catholic orphanage came into being. It is the most miserable shack ever seen: damp, dark, squalid every way. But anything will do for a start. The papers were signed. Father McShane took possession and installed a faithful woman catechist to run the place.



Photo from Fr. Rauschenbach  
BISHOP WALSH WITH FATHER ROBERT KENNELLY





*Photo from Fr. Rauschenbach*

Then the neighbors staged their little act. On Father McShane's second visit, he was greeted by a shower of stones. For a while, it was quite annoying, and the stones bounced off the orphanage roof merrily enough. But our people are not extreme, and, having duly recorded their disapproving attitude in this manner only to find the missionary still there with no apparent intention of budging, they "called it a day."

It was not long before a few babies came in surreptitiously from families who chose this method of disposal rather than the customary one of throwing them into the river. Gradually the orphanage has come to be an accepted thing. The Chinese are a tolerant people, and, although they will strenuously resist novelties, yet their approval is forthcoming when the novelty is seen to be proper and good. Besides, this work was not altogether a novelty to them. A government orphanage for the very same purpose exists in Lintan (as in many other towns), the only difference being that it never functions since what little money is appropriated for its upkeep goes immediately into the pockets of

the officials who have charge of it.

The Lintan orphanage is now a missionary success but a medical failure. It is a success because it exists at all, while it is a failure because it only exists and nothing more. It is an entering wedge and thus a missionary advance. But it is not a proper orphan-



FATHER RAUSCHENBACH

*Father Rauschenbach by hard traveling many miles on foot reached the late Father McShane in time to give him the last rites*

age. The place is too damp and wretched; the babies all die. Even the little woman catechist has developed a cough that would alarm the Smith Brothers.

Father McShane had just decided that he ought to move when the owner came along to say he had decided not to rent any longer. That made it unanimous.



*Photo from Fr. Rauschenbach*

To rent a new place will be almost as hard as it was to secure the original location. What then has been gained? A great deal. The ice is broken. The people are in a measure reconciled to the mission. They concede it the right to live, breathe, exist. That is much; it is even half the battle. It is an advance that ought to be consolidated. If not, some other missionary will have to get stoned all over again later on in order to reintroduce the work.

At this juncture, good fortune intervened in the shape of a bankrupt individual who offers not only to rent but to sell a property. It must be remembered that on account of political agitation almost no transfers of land to foreigners in China have been effected for the past two years. This offer is indeed unusually fortunate. The property in question is a fine plot of ample space, with two houses in fair repair already standing on it. The hitch is the usual one. It is a matter of two thousand dollars.

Why not pay it? It will seem strange, perhaps, but the Kongmoon Vicariate has not got it. Most religious organizations have a little capi-



*Photo from Fr. Rauschenbach*



*Photo from Fr. Rauschenbach*

tal or a bit of money in the bank somewhere, but the truth about Kongmoon is that it has actually nothing. The little money it gets from time to time it is forced to spend on immediate needs. In this situation, the mission undertakes no new obligations except such as are made possible by the direct donations of friends.

Will the Kongmoon Vicariate stand by and see Chinese babies thrown into the Lintan River? It seems hard, but it has no choice. It has no money, nor will any bank lend it any, as it has no security or visible asset of any kind. Missionaries cannot spend their time converting the Chinese and making money too. The financing will have to be done by somebody else.

#### FROM PRIEST SUBSCRIBERS

The magazine is still the most intensely human message in literary form that comes to my desk—it oozes personality.—*Rev. Friend, L. I., N. Y.*

I have been on your list for THE FIELD AFAR from 1914 and I hope that you will never drop my name. I read the magazine from cover to cover.—*Rev. Friend, P. I.*

I shall comply with your request and become a perpetual member, but please hold off until fall. If you write in September or October, I shall have the money or get out and stage a hold-up to get it.—*Rev. Friend, Ind.*

Five hundred dollars may not mean much to you, but to me it is the difference between comfort and want. I should like to get a little better car than the second-hand thing I now run, but would rather invest my savings in the missions.—*Rev. Friend, Wis.*

Thanks for the very interesting book, *The Maryknoll Movement*.

In case the candles that furnished light and heat during those first days at Hawthorne have not been paid for, you can use the enclosed check.—*Rev. Friend, Boston, Mass.*

I take pleasure in enclosing check for \$100.80 as a contribution from the undergraduates of the Catholic University to the Maryknoll Mission Society in honor of Rev. Father Dietz, as one of

Gather the jewelry junk—broken bits of silver and gold—put them into a small cardboard box and send them along.

**WE** find that the true story of mission life among pagan peoples has a strong appeal to our Catholic youth. Letters reveal this interest and lead us more and more to the belief that if the young of this generation can be reached, the coming generation will not lack a bountiful supply of apostolic laborers.

We are most anxious to reach Catholic youth and to place in their hands *The Field Afar*. We wish to feel that every Catholic school in the United States is familiar with this publication. If you, as pastor, or teacher, or pupil, can gratify our wish, you will render a great service to the greatest of all Causes.

the Fathers laboring in China. Father Dietz is a lay graduate of the Catholic University.—*Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.*

You will allow me to add my feeble voice to the chorus of loud congratulations which you have received, and you are receiving, and you will still receive on the phenomenal success of your *FIELD AFAR*. The secret of the success of your paper is due to the fact that the articles are short and crisp, sparkling with wit and humor, redolent of American freedom and Catholic charity.

Your sons and daughters seem to have got the contagion and their letters from the field afar go to prove, if proof is needed, that they are chips of the old block.

Maryknoll is a beautiful feather in American Catholics' cap.—*A Bishop, India.*

#### Do you dote on statistics?

There are plenty of them—full, fresh, and accurate—in *THE VATICAN MISSION EXPOSITION*.

**T**O be new is to be needy. Rome was not built in a day; neither could it be from the nature of the case. Romulus started it with a wall that his brother could jump over. It could hardly start with the Vatican Palace, could it?

New missions start the same way—with next to nothing. They neither can nor do they expect to begin with cathedrals.

But the time Rome needed help was right after Romulus built that wall—and the time the new mission needs help is when it is new.

He gives twice who gives quickly.

#### THE FOREIGNER

**I**S it not possible that foreigners have a valuable contribution to make to any country they enter? We are prone to judge them by their appearance—to us strange. Perhaps we ridicule them. This is the way Jesus Christ was received by His own who did not recognize in Him the Savior of the World. Oftentimes, missionaries are received in the same way and are hindered in delivering a message that will make an eternity of difference to thousands of souls.

The message of the foreigner, too frequently undelivered, is in the customs and traditions of the land from which he comes. He is a problem because we rob him of these, which are often the very backbone of his character. We shame him into relinquishing them without replacing them with something better or at least with something "just as good." Perhaps we shame him into loss of his religion into the bargain.

We not only harm the immigrant when we fail to profit by the lessons he can teach; we really harm ourselves and our own country. We have few ancient traditions. His are hoary with age. Many of our traditions are bad; most of his have had the test of centuries. Why label them old-fashioned? In a few centuries, perhaps, they will be vindicated here as truest wisdom.

"Blessed is the man who learns wisdom from the experience of another." Can we not at least give the foreigner a hearing—or encourage him to "be himself"?

"CARRY ON" UNTIL THERE SHALL BE

## IN VIAM PACIS

*"In Viam Pacis" (In the Way of Peace) is a story prepared for THE FIELD AFAR by a Maryknoller*



DESPITE a resolution to the contrary, Peter Shea found himself at the Foreign Mission Seminary for the Departure Ceremony. Never, in the entire course of his son's training—from the day the youngster, fresh from grammar school, had entered the Preparatory College, until now, the eve of his departure for the missions—had he felt the slightest assent to Frank's missionary vocation. He did not approve in the beginning; he did not approve as the years of training went on; he did not approve now as he sauntered through the corridor of the Seminary waiting while his priest-son made some final arrangement about his packing.

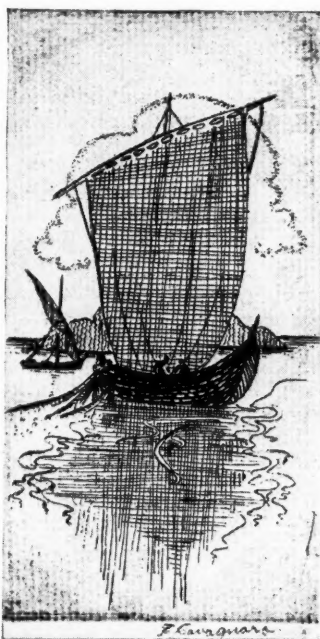
Mr. Shea, a fine, practical Catholic, considered it an honor that his son had been chosen by God for the priesthood, and did not, for a moment, think of opposing his vocation. But he could not understand the missionary element—the throwing away of a life on pagan people, as he termed it. Frank could be "another Christ" here in America. There were plenty of pagans at home. This China fad was all nonsense, and the thought that his boy had been caught in the rising tide of foreign mission interest was a keen disappointment. It had been a shadow over the vacation weeks each year when the young seminarian was at home with him; it had appeared between the lines of every letter from the boy; it had thrust itself into the otherwise joyous ordination day; it had finally crushed him when, a few weeks after ordination, his son had received an assignment to China.

He had made up his mind that he would not attend the Departure Ceremony. An urgent business trip, however, brought him within thirty miles of the Seminary only two days before the appointed day, and, no matter how strong his opposition, he could not be so near without running up. It was not too difficult to be obstinate with half the width of the continent be-

tween the boy and himself; it was impossible to hold out so close to his son.

His father's disapproval had always been a source of suffering to Father Frank, and, when he left him, that departure eve, the young priest stopped in for a word with his director, an old missionary who knew and appreciated his trial.

"Does not see it yet?" he asked, as Father Frank dropped into a chair near his desk.



"Less than ever. He seems crushed, and I . . . I feel like a murderer." There was silence for a few moments.

"It is so strange to me. Dad is a splendid Catholic. He knows his faith and he loves it. He has really deep, practical devotion—more so than the average man. For instance, Dad would not miss the Way of the Cross a single day unless something serious prevented him. He is thoroughly practical—yet he thinks the idea of my going to the

missions is absolute nonsense, and he is heartbroken."

At the mention of the Stations, the old priest's face brightened. He stood up, laid his hand on the young missionary's shoulder, and said, "Leave your father to me. You disappear for an hour or so in the morning and see what happens."

As Mr. Shea sauntered down the path behind the Seminary the following morning, he recognized Father Andrew approaching him. After a few words of greeting, they walked toward the woods.

"Father Frank has gone for half an hour or so," said the father. "I told him I would wait around here. He started to tell me about the ceremony tonight and had just mentioned that it opens with the words, 'In viam pacis.' I have been thinking how inappropriate the words seem and have been trying to find some connection between a hard life among heathens and 'a way of peace.' No," seeing the questioning look in the priest's eyes, "No, I'm not converted yet. It is nonsense to let these boys throw themselves away on pagans who do not want them in the first place. American priests can convert folks right here; then, when this country is finished, the other nations will begin to wake up to the faith. I surely hate to think of my boy among those—" He stopped. He knew the love the old priest had for the people of his adoption, and he respected it.

By this time, they had reached a path through the woods on which the Stations of the Cross had been erected. They were rugged stone Stations, and the first one caught the father's eye.

"Ah! This is fine! I did not see these before."

"They are new. The students put them up a few weeks ago."

Both were standing now beneath the First Station. "After all," the old priest said, half to himself, "it wasn't Pilate—it was His love for souls."

The meditative remark reached Mr. Shea and started a new train of thought. What was it Father Frank had said this morning? "Dad, won't you believe I'm not trying to be obstinate or odd or anything like that? I'm

BUT ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

being drawn to the missions by a love of souls." Was his son being condemned to tread a way of suffering by the same love that caused his Master to say, "With desire I have desired"? Father Frank surely did desire to go on his way no matter what it cost. Perhaps it was not a notion.

They walked on silently. The next Station showed Christ with almost a smile, His Arms extended toward a huge cross. Mr. Shea had always noticed suffering in the Face on the Stations at home; here, while there was pain, there was joy too. His son's face flashed before him. Whenever it had been shadowed momentarily with the suffering caused by his father's arguments and pleading, it had always brightened quickly with an expression of courage and joy. Only this morning he had said, "Surely it is going to be hard—but, Dad, it is going to be worth it."

A slight bend in the winding path brought them face to face with the Redeemer half fallen beneath the cross in the midst of a crowd that offered no assistance. He noticed the blank ignorance on the Jewish faces. These men did not help because they did not know. Father Frank would be among people who would be ignorant. Must he, too, fall beneath the weight of his new life?

"Do you all—you missionaries—must you fall on your way?"

The priest hesitated; he was not sure what thoughts were passing through his companion's mind. Suddenly he caught the idea. "Difficulties press every young missionary to the ground at times, but he finds his Master there. He rises with Him and goes on."

The next stop was before that scene of encouraging love and sustaining comfort passing between the devoted Mother and her suffering Son. "That is so like mother," thought Mr. Shea. "She has looked at Frank like that. Knowing that he was on his way to sacrifice himself, she could smile because she understood."

As they looked at the Cyrenian lifting the cross behind Jesus, Father Andrew remarked quietly, "Simon did not understand his privilege when first asked to take up the cross. When he

grasped it manfully, however, he drew into his soul the grace to see and to know."

He felt the father's piercing glance, but he kept his eyes fixed on the Station, and they passed on.

"Thank God, I can be his Simon," Mr. Shea was thinking. "I'll take up this vocation with him; I'll help him every step of the way. If the weight can be lightened, I'll be with him."

As they saw the noble Roman lady offer her veil to Christ in the Sixth Station, the father seemed to picture his wife. She would kneel so often, as she had in the past, praying for her boy. Her prayers, he thought, would be like that soft, white veil, cooling and refreshing to her missionary.

They passed the next Station, the second fall, without a word. Father Andrew knew that it was difficult for his friend to grasp just then the need of these falls. The path turned sharply upward here, and they turned to look back at the view.

"I always do find the Way of the Cross a solution for most of the struggles of everyday life," Mr. Shea remarked. "I wish more men knew what it can do for one. Somehow, it is strengthening, encouraging; it is a . . ."

"A way of peace," the priest added. "After all, true peace comes to all of us with suffering generously accepted."

The man looked at his companion. "A way of peace. Yes, that is one way the words could fit into the Departure Ceremony—peace through suffering." The priest was speaking softly and he caught the words:

"Christ died to win peace for mankind by atoning for sin and purchasing purity of soul for us. His way of suffering is our way of peace."

By this time they had reached the Eighth Station. The Christ was surrounded by weeping, desolate people—comforting them. The father recalled all he had heard of the misery and hardships which the poor of China have to endure, and he realized the comfort faith would be to them. His son would bring them a message of peace and consolation as did Christ to the women of Jerusalem.

At the next pause—Christ prostrate in the dust in the third fall—the old

resentment struggled hard to rise. The priest realized this. "His own weakness," Father Andrew said quietly, "and the weakness of others with which he must cope, often discourages the missionary. But Christ fell thrice that He might be an example to His future Apostles. They see Him rise and they, too, rise from their discouragement and follow on. Father Frank—you are thinking of him—he will, at times, be prostrate just as you see his Master. But, in each fall, he will win grace for himself and for his people, and he will rise each time with new strength, new trust, new courage."

"I suppose there is joy in a missionary's heart when he suffers for souls as Christ suffered for him," the father remarked.

"Yes," the old priest answered, "there is joy—and there is peace."

He breathed a prayer for his companion.  
(Continued on page 256)

### Mission Reading from the Maryknoll Shelf



#### Thoughts From Modern

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**Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

**THEY ARE READY TO START**



### At the Home Knoll

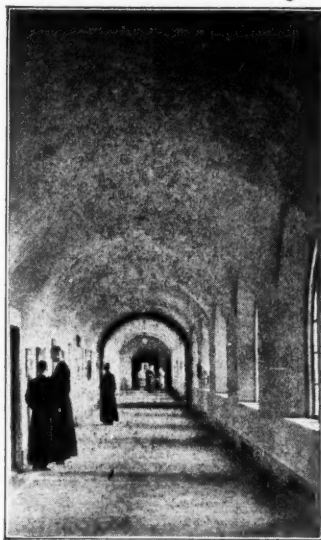
**O**SSINING has yawned and stretched out her town limits to touch and to bound Maryknoll on two sides, but not to include us in the ranks of her population. The village has crept up the hill close to us only to halt leaving us without the walls, high and dry with no malaria. Perhaps there is not yet room for two great institutions in the village, and, of course, Sing Sing is our senior by priority of establishment. Formerly we went down the hill to get into town; now we have only to climb the fence. Undoubtedly, if Ossining again reaches out her arms to stretch, she will embrace Maryknoll.

This month, Maryknollers are sailing two oceans, in opposite directions. About thirty priests, Brothers, and Sisters are steaming West on the Pacific to missions on Pacific Islands and to outposts in Asia; three Maryknollers are paddling their canoe East on the Atlantic en route to Maryknoll-in-Rome.

The fall departure is a memory; the annual retreat has rejuvenated our ambitions and heightened our ideals; classes are under way again as so many wheels of a big factory cutting and shaping finished products for the priestly office. And yet, there are a few incidents of vacation time that have not been mentioned.

The plumbers and mechanics joined squads in July, and, with the aid of other student labor, they installed a plating machine with accessories, in St. Michael's. This building was a waggon shed in the early days, but it is now used by the Sisters, and, therefore, it has become the home of several Maryknoll arts and crafts. A large loom weaves colorful pat-

There are a number of new students this autumn at the Maryknoll Preparatory College. Two hundred and fifty dollars in these days will hardly cover the yearly expenses of one, but we are well satisfied to get it.



UNDER THE ARCHES

*A glimpse of the seminary corridor at Maryknoll*

terns in one corner of the room devoted to needle work. In the adjoining room, the Sisters cast and embellished the ring, pectoral cross, and other episcopal jewelry of our Bishop Walsh in China. In this jewelry shop, the Sisters have all the equipment necessary for precious metal and gem work. But the machine for plating sacred vessels had proved too small for the amount of business; so the seminarians installed new and larger machinery while they were free from class.

At least one Maryknoller learned the golden value of silence at the point of a gun, this summer. For several years, the seminarians have practiced voice culture, individually or in little groups. Their habit is to go into the woods to give vent to their wind pipes and to let their voices ring out.

One afternoon Brother R. tucked a sermon under his left arm and nosed his lonely way down hill through the timber; he crossed the creek and took a dignified pose on a stump. For half an hour, in a voice that could be heard a thousand miles away over a telephone, and a half mile away

in his sylvan environs, Brother R. harangued Nature as he found it, on the Divine Institution of the Catholic Church.

His pose absconded and left him graceless, however, when a voice, from the bush behind where he stood, growled: "What's goin' on here?"—a man stepped forward, gun in hand. "And what's more, if ya don't shut up and get out o' here, I'll shoot ya." Brother R. had no difficulty getting back up the hill, but he isn't the voice culture enthusiast he used to be.

During the summer months, the mission shipping department packed and sent to the Orient two and a half tons of letter paper prepared for the Knights of Columbus camp canteen during the War. After the armistice, Maryknoll purchased a carload of this paper which has found many uses in the Maryknoll houses. **FIELD AFAR** copy is prepared on K. of C. paper. It is used as well for classroom and study notes; for scratch pads and general office routine.

It has other uses too. Recently one of our friends, a professor at the Catholic University, jokingly and by way of illustration, told his class, in which there are three Maryknoll seminarians, that the people at Maryknoll don't know the War is over. "The other day," he related, "I had a letter, from Fr. X. of Maryknoll, written on K. of C. war-time stationery."

Regular shipments of this paper are made to the missions where it is the prey of rookies learning to write Chinese.

The last letter from Father McShane, written four days before his death, from a cot on which he lay prostrate from smallpox, was scrawled almost illegibly with lead pencil on one of these sheets. That precious page is kept sacred at Maryknoll.

### Would you be an Apostle?

This would require on your part a readiness to leave home for the Master's service, and a willingness to endure hardships of many kinds, but God would be back of you.

### A LIFE'S BATTLE

A small mission museum which has been collected without any deliberate effort, is on display in the main corridor of the Seminary. This nucleus of curios and relics, invariably catches the eye and wrests the interest of visitors.

In the large show case, there are two relics of especial interest: one is the Hebrew Bible of Théophane Vénard; the other, the mission cross worn by Father Price when he led our first missionaries to China.

The Chinese delight in sketching pictures on ostrich eggs. Our collection includes a couple with sketches of Hongkong and Kowloon. Between the eggs there is one of those soft Chinese pillows of which you have often heard, a polished block of hard wood, curved to fit any neck.

Lady visitors are greatly amused to see and handle two straw hats checked in our lobby. They are the Yeungkong and the Hakka styles. Each is as large as an umbrella, and, in China, they're worth two bits a piece. Usually the Chinese women wrap a cloth about their heads when working outdoors, but in some regions they wear categorical hats. You can tell where a woman comes from by the style of her millinery.

Some day the Maryknoll Seminary will have the large museum as detailed in the building plans.

Among late summer visitors, there turned up after a long absence "Uncle Henry," who used to watch the Maryknoll baby in its kicking and screaming period. "Uncle Henry" is short for the Rev. Henry Borgmann, C.S.S.R., whose noble profile appears in the *Maryknoll Movement* (of which every FIELD AFAR reader should have a copy).

Fr. Borgmann now has a "babe"

The landowners of Maryknoll are numbered by thousands, but, at a cent and two cents a foot, they should run into a few millions. What a fine tribute that would be to the faith and charity of American Catholics?



REV. HENRY F. BORGMANN,  
C. S.S.R.

of his own—a plan to synchronize Christian Doctrine with the liturgical year. *Libica* is the child's name, after Liturgy, Bible, and Catechism. Watch it grow.

There was an unexpected departure ceremony in late August when Sr. M. Ynez and Sr. M. Renee of Flushing, L. I., N. Y., left for the Orient. These two Sisters will be together as far as Hong Kong, where Sr. Ynez is assigned to school work; Sr. Renee will continue to Manila to join the Maryknoll Sisters at the Normal School.

#### MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO

A RECENT news item in the *San Francisco Monitor* made mention of an activity undertaken by the Maryknoll Women's Auxiliary. We quote it—you might live in San Francisco:

The Maryknoll Auxiliary, of San Francisco, announces that its monthly bridge and whist party will be held regularly at 8 p. m. on the first Thursday of each month at the new location of the Maryknoll Procure, 1494 McAllister Street, corner of Scott.

The new location of the Procure in San Francisco at McAllister and Scott Streets has proved to be convenient to friends from all parts of the city.

To our non-Catholic neighbors, we are still somewhat of a puzzle. Only the word "MARYKNOLL" appears on the sign outside the door, and some of them have come to the conclusion that the Procure must be a new apartment house or boarding school. And they

are right—to a certain extent!

At the Procure, we shall be glad to receive old jewelry, gold, or silver that is no longer in use. We can quickly turn it into something that will be helpful to the missions.

The needs of the new Junior Seminary at Los Altos are still many. Anyone interested in diminishing the number need only apply to the Procure. We guarantee a fine variety to choose from.

To those planning jaunts to the Seminary at Los Altos, we might mention here that the most direct route is to follow the main highway from San Francisco down the peninsula. Continue about one-half mile past Mountain View and then take the first paved road to the right (direction is there given on California State Automobile Association sign). Follow this latter road to the end (about three miles), over railroad tracks—then you will see Maryknoll before you. And Fr. Dirckx, the rector, will always be happy to welcome you.

It will be of interest to friends of the Maryknoll Sisters to know that they are finally located at the Junior Seminary in Los Altos, having taken charge of the domestic work.

The Sisters plan a little shop in their convent, there to exhibit linens, laces, and brasswork, most of which has been prepared in the schools under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters in China. Also the Sisters have a few extra guestrooms in their convent at Los Altos for ladies who would care for a few days' vacation or retreat.

The ordination in San Francisco of a Maryknoll priest, on August 15, was the first of its kind. Charles F. McCarthy was the native son to whom this privilege was extended. The ordination and the first Solemn Mass on the following Sunday, in the presence of a large crowd of friends and several Maryland priests, were most inspiring. The sermon at the first Mass was given by an uncle of the newly-ordained priest, Fr. Francis McCarthy, of the Archdiocese of San Francisco.

After a brief vacation, Fr. McCarthy went to the Junior Seminary at Los Altos, where he has been assigned for the coming year. He will teach in St. Joseph's College, the preparatory seminary of the archdiocese, which the Maryknoll students also attend for classes.

The safest and most satisfactory method of sending money to Maryknoll missionaries is through Maryknoll, New York. Checks may be made out and addressed to the V. Rev. J. A. Walsh, Maryknoll, N. Y.

SHARE IN THEIR GLORY

Under the auspices of the Maryknoll Auxiliary, a requiem Mass was offered by Fr. Keller for the repose of the soul of Father Daniel McShane, in Holy Cross Church, through the kindness of the pastor, Father Brockhage, on Wednesday, August 3. Father McShane was the first Maryknoll priest to direct the Auxiliary in San Francisco, and his death was a shock to all of the pioneer members.

Some time ago, Fr. Theodore Petersen, of the Paulist Fathers, invited Fr. Keller of the Newman Club at the University of California to speak on the work of Maryknoll. Fr. Keller spoke at both Masses in the chapel of the club, received several subscriptions to *THE FIELD AFAR*, and was thoroughly satisfied—when Fr. Petersen gave him a surprise that had never come before. He turned over his collection at the Masses as a gift of the Newman Club to Maryknoll.

Such generosity is cheering to us. It shows definite sympathy with the problems that confront us. And such sympathy, that costs sacrifice, God will surely bless.

#### MARYKNOLL-IN-LOS ANGELES

A GROUP of Japanese consisting of twelve Buddhists and our Catholic folks met recently at the school hall to arrange ways and means to secure money for a new school bus. One of the cars here is about ready to give up the ghost after six years of faithful service in a good cause. We are making preparations to provide it with a fitting resting place and will gladly accept donations for flowers for this old friend of ours. The seventy-eight thousand miles it has covered during the course of these years is about equal to three times the distance around the globe.

Prior to her departure for Honolulu, a reception was given Sister Mary Veronica by the Japanese Catholics of Los Angeles. After supervising the school and orphanage here for the last four years, she leaves to take up similar work in the Hawaiian Islands. The non-Catholic Japanese, as well as our own, united in expressing their gratitude for the advances made here in the work at the orphanage while it has been under her guiding hand.

The Assistant Consul called recently to express his interest in the Catholic Church. His wife was welcomed into the Catholic Women's Society at an informal reception in the Sisters' Home on Boyle Avenue. She is a graduate of the Academy of the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart in Tokyo.

#### FROM THE VENARD

THE month of the Rosary is here again. Undoubtedly the recitation of the Rosary is one of the strongest devotions in honor of our Blessed Mother at the Vénard. Each evening, the boys gather in groups of four or five, and, walking down the road by the Vénard lake or through the orchard on the north side of the buildings, recite the praises of their heavenly Mother. It is hard to keep our minds from wandering at this time, especially after a full day of classes; yet the love of the Mother overlooks and makes up for the weakness and frailty of the child.

After finishing the Rosary we go back to the beginning and say a Pater, three Aves, and a Gloria for our missionaries—do you?

The Vénard showed a little increase in vocations this year. If only more boys would think about the foreign missions and read about them, we should have plenty for our work.

To some boys, the thought never occurs that they might become priests and even foreign missionaries. To each Catholic boy I would say, "You can be a priest and a missionary. You are as good and as worthy as most of the boys who are studying for the priesthood. And, perhaps, God is calling you today to be a priest and a missionary."

There are many more good American boys whom our Lord wants in the foreign mission work and desires them to begin now their course at the Vénard. Say tonight, "I, at least, will heed Thy call, dear Lord, and will become a priest and go to the missions if you wish it of me." Such a prayer will touch the heart of Our Lord and He will certainly make known to you your true vocation.



FATHER CHARLES F. MCCARTHY,  
A. F. M.

*Leaving Harmon, N. Y., for ordination by Archbishop Hanna in San Francisco*

Laymen anxious to help the work of Maryknoll as Brothers should write for the booklet: "American Brothers and the Foreign Missions." (Director of Brothers, Maryknoll, N. Y.)



FATHER LAVERY OF LOS ANGELES

*He chats with three graduates of St. Francis Xavier School (Maryknoll). These boys are now in high school. All have had high marks and one leads his class*

BY SPEEDING THEM ON



# FATHER CHIN



Dear Juniors:

What are we going to do this month for the Mission Cause?

If you are peeping out of the corner of your eye, you will say, "We're going to save stamps and tin foil." Yes, that we are, and let us work with a will to make our Stamp Drive a big success. Everybody will be glad to help you, Juniors, and you will be happy in doing your bit.

But what else? Ah, we are going to pray! You know that October is the month dedicated to the Rosary, that beautiful and favorite prayer of Our Lady's.

The Blessed Virgin herself taught Saint Dominic to say the Rosary for the conversion of heretics and pagans, and this devoted child of Mary found it a powerful means of saving souls.

Today the Queen of the Holy Rosary will help her Junior missionaries just as she helped Saint Dominic many years ago.

Like that great missionary, let us bring many souls to Jesus through Mary. Say a decade of the rosary daily for the conversion of pagans.

Faithfully yours,

*Father Chin*



## CRY BABY—CRY

IN an inland town of China, See Saw engages successfully in a dying profession. Of his early youth, little is known, though it is said he was a cry baby. Now he is the town crier. A newspaper is an absurdity to the minds of the Do Do townfolk. They already have the daily news, a very lively literary digest with hourly editions, in the person of See Saw, the town crier of Do Do.

The Do Dos never had time to go to school; so they cannot read or write. See Saw, therefore, is a popular necessity. To his fellow townsters, he reads alike private letters and world news. See Saw is really a radio



SEE SAW

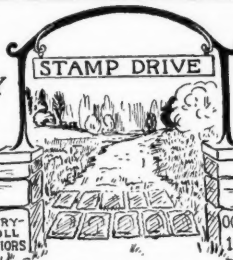
*The town crier of Do Do*

set, though he doesn't know it. He receives the news on all sides and then broadcasts it through the town. He has a fine pair of amplifiers which carry his voice to every ear in any nook. Whenever he wants to be heard at the far end of Do Do's Main Street, he puts his two amplifiers (size eleven) in motion and walks cross town.

The Chinese respect a scholar for his learning, and See Saw enjoys a reputation for scholarship. He is the last word in every quarrel. In his general appearance, the marks of a scholar can be found; he wears accessories to give him

# TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

**JUNIOR  
SCOUTING PARTY  
ON  
STAMP DRIVE**



**START OUT TODAY  
COLLECTING, SORTING  
PACKING  
CANCELED STAMPS  
AND TINFOIL  
for MARYKNOLL**

WAY TO HELP

MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

OCTOBER 1927

BOYS AND GIRLS  
ALL INVITED

**Leave good margin around stamps**  
**Keep foreign and domestic stamps separate**  
**Send in cloth bags by THIRD CLASS mail to**  
**STAMP DRIVE Secretary, Sisters' Stamp Dept., Maryknoll, N.Y.**  
**TWO PRIZES OFFERED**  
**ONE FOR BEST GROUP COLLECTION      ONE FOR BEST INDIVIDUAL COLLECTION**

an atmosphere.

Do you notice the shell stem glasses wind-shielding his eyes? They are one of his literary marks. Wise men in China do not wear glasses from need always, but for appearance. It is quite true in America also that many folks wear glasses for looks. The Chinese, however, with good sight, very frequently dress up in Harold Lloyd glasses, tortoise-shell rims without lenses. The upkeep is small and they are easy to clean; but what an advantage in face! A Chinese must remove his glasses always when speaking with a superior, as Americans remove their hats.

Literary men and scholars in China are distinguished also by their long black gowns which resemble a priest's cassock. But the most characteristic feature of Chinese gentlemen of learning is their untrimmed finger nails. They permit their nails to grow so long that they curl. Sometimes they bob them, but they never clip them close. The long nails show that the scholar never works with his hands; he could not get them near enough to real work. It would be shameful for the schoolman to work with his hands, even if it were to drive the wolf from the front door with a bowl of rice. Starvation is sometimes more dignified than work.

See Saw was absorbing some news for distribution when his picture was taken.

## A SOUL FOR GOD

**S**HE was a white little waif, was Mary. At the age when other children are playing with dolls and romping in the summer breezes, Mary was busy over a kettle of rice or warming milk for the baby.

Mary was a picture of woe when she first came to the Maryknoll Sisters in Seattle. The rice wouldn't boil; the tea was all gone; what should she do? Then it was discovered that for many weeks Mary had been going off to first


grade after caring for a tubercular mother and a puny, helpless babe.

Mary entered first grade at the Sisters' school, and so apt a pupil did she prove herself to be that she was soon among the leaders of her class. On the last day of school, in June, it was Mary who carried away the prize for catechism.


But it was the same day that Mary's mother was declared to be very ill. She must be baptized at once! Mary prayed; the Sisters prayed and entreated; but the pagan father refused. "She will die when you baptize," he declared. "I know other pagans—sick—get baptized, sure die!" And the poor mother died during the night.

Yes, the funeral must be big and there must be a banquet and then the cremation! And so the funeral came and the banquet—and it was not until then the father missed Mary. Crouched in a corner, pain written on every line of her little face, the child seemed to have no part in the festivities. Appendicitis with complications, the doctors called it.

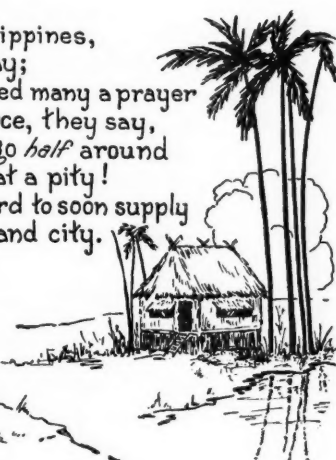
In the surgery of the big hospital, when the words of baptism were pronounced over Mary that day, a great happiness flooded her whole being, and she smiled—oh, so sweetly! And the next day, while her mother's body was being placed in the crematory, the happy little soul of Mary was winging its way to an eternity of joy and rest.




## A-B-C's OF THE MISSIONS



**P**- we think of Philippines,  
 So many miles away;  
 The people there need many a prayer  
 For priests are scarce, they say,  
 And Sisters won't go half around  
 To teach them, what a pity!  
 Please ask our Lord to soon supply  
 Each needy town and city.





## IN VIAM PACIS

(Continued from page 250)

panion as they walked on to the Station that would bring them to Calvary. They paused to see the Master stripped of His garments.

"I hope," the father said slowly, "that Frank will, like the Redeemer he has chosen to follow, be generous enough to cast aside all his likes and dislikes—to give himself whole-heartedly. I think he will; he is a brave boy."

Beneath the crucifixion they stood for several moments. Mr. Shea seemed to see his son, attached to the cross of the apostolate, dying—a sacrifice for the souls of a pagan people. It was a hard thought, yet had his boy not been ordained "another Christ," a "shepherd of souls," and should not the true shepherd "lay down his life for his sheep"? There was peace in his heart as he looked at the crucified Savior. Ah! what a difference between the thought of his son going to China through some strange notion, and the realization that Father Frank was to follow the footsteps of His Master even to Calvary.

The two walked on silently. As they passed the dead Christ in the arms of His Mother and the last Station showing the burial of the Master, the father was conscious only of the peace and the glorious victory hidden beneath the sacrifice of the Son of God and the suffering of Mary. The deepest joy he had felt since the day his son made known his vocation to a missionary life flooded his soul as he took the shorter path leading back to the Seminary.

Father Frank has often wondered what Father Andrew said to his father on that walk; the old priest always held that he "did not say a word." He finds joy in the memory of his Departure Day when, in place of opposition so hard to bear, perfect sympathy and mutual joy in sacrifice united him and

his father after the years of misunderstanding. He will never forget the light in his father's eyes as they said good-by on the station platform that night, nor his parting word—"There is a glorious life ahead for you, my boy, a way of peace."

## MARYKNOLL-IN-HONOLULU

A RADIOGRAM arrived from Fr. Lavery in Los Angeles, the second within a few weeks, via The American Radio Relay League (headquarters at Hartford, Connecticut), a company of amateurs, who handle the grams free. An answer was requested and sent; did Fr. Lavery get it?

Bro. Philip arranged a boxing tournament for the Japanese youngsters of our Manoa convert station. Scout knives were the prizes. Some of the little cockerels fought very bravely.

Fr. Kress gave the address to the ninety-nine graduates of St. Louis College.

The B. family left for the Coast on the *Maui*. On their last Sunday in church, the Protestant head of this Catholic family anticipated the collections for fifty-two Sundays of absence. A laudable custom followed by several others on shorter leave—a custom that the mainland might well copy from Honolulu.

The new steamer, *City of Honolulu*, arrived in port, cordially hailed by the citizens. Passenger accommodation to the Coast has been insufficient.

Bro. Philip organized an athletic club among pagan Chinese-Hawaiians out Manoa way. It will be known as Maryknoll Athletic Club. The four other clubs are progressing nicely.

St. Louis College graduates, to the number of seven hundred and fifty, enjoyed a banquet at the Young Hotel Roof Garden. It was a notable gathering. Contracts were let for the new school buildings, on a prominent site—cost, seven hundred and fifty thousand for six buildings.

Our First Communion class numbered five girls and eighteen boys. Does not this discrepancy in the sexes portend another war?

Holy Communion was taken to a spry old Portuguese lady of one hundred and five summers.

Chinese wedding recently—Batchelor Hall chosen for the banquet and dance. It took several days to clean up the place.

An Inquirers' Class was started and seven attend.

## MARYKNOLL-IN-THE-PHILIPPINES

FR. DROUGHT and Fr. Toomey are two Maryknoll priests recently assigned to work in Manila. Their special activity is conducting dormitories to safeguard the faith of Catholic students. It is more of a task than it sounds.

All kinds of means are being adopted by various agencies to attract the Catholic Filipino.

American Catholics are in a tactical position vis-à-vis the Philippines. It is true that our effort has been criticized as both late and meager, and perhaps not with entire reason. The American Church sent of its best to the Islands, and, if numbers were lacking, yet great good was accomplished.

"Too late" is a poor slogan compared with "Keep on keeping on." Maryknoll is glad to have a modest share in this tremendously important work.

IN the course of a recent letter to the center, Fr. Toomey writes:

All now goes along swimmingly—Fr. Drought is a permanent resident over at Florida and Nebraska Halls with nearly five hundred students; and I am here at St. Rita's Hall with some three hundred boys.

Over at St. Paul's Hospital, Sister Columba and Sister Frederick are gradually becoming orientated and acclimated. The hospital is crowded to capacity, even corridor space being utilized for patients' beds.

Last week, Malabon Normal started off with a registration of over three hundred, I believe. Not all, however, are for normal courses, as the school also admits a goodly number of elementary students.

The Sisters' latest venture, St. Mary's Hall, is likewise functioning, although all the residents have not yet registered.

## MARYKNOLL PRAYER PRINTS

¶ Each Print has on one side a picture, and on the other a prayer or reflection tending to spread the mission idea and deepen the mission spirit

¶ These Prints are excellent for schools and Sunday-schools, where attractive but inexpensive materials are needed.

¶ They can also be slipped into letters to friends—and will help to make your friends mission friends.

## THE DOLLAR BOOK

What are you paying for books? \$2.00? \$2.50? Even more? And how many of them are worth reading again?

Maryknoll has books that you will enjoy reading again—books that are of lasting value in every respect—for \$1.00, and even less. And they are well made, illustrated, and bound in cloth. Why not investigate? (See page 250)

THEY DEPEND ON YOU



## The Honolulu Group of Maryknoll Sisters

NOW that the Maryknoll Sisters have entered upon teaching activities in the Hawaiian Islands, it is interesting to note conditions in the schools of the archipelago.

Nowhere is there to be found a more remarkable welding of the races. The public school census of the Islands at the close of last year showed that out of a total of 58,860 pupils, 30,295 were Japanese. The part-Hawaiians numbered 5,978; the Portuguese, 5,859; the Chinese, 5,646; the pure-blood Hawaiians, 3,465; the Filipinos, 2,300; the Anglo-Saxons, 2,101; the Koreans, 1,149; the Porto Ricans, 1,027; and the Spanish, 292. All the other races numbered 728.

The unusual ease with which the students of foreign races assimilate in the schools of the territory was recently commented upon by Mr. F. E. Stafford, Director of Language Schools of Hawaii, who said:

Probably no more interesting sight from an ethnological viewpoint can be found anywhere in the world than the complete harmony and racial equality that exists among the students of the various races in the public schools of Hawaii.

Candidates for school offices are elected solely with regard to their qualifications for leadership and apart from all considerations of nationality. It is by no means unusual to find Anglo-Saxon students electioneering for their Oriental friends.

Since school work is never the primary aim of the Catholic missionary, but only a means to an end, Maryknoll has in mind a number of future possibilities for the spread of the kingdom of God among Hawaii's many races. Not the least of these is the hope of fostering vocations to the foreign mission apostolate among the schoolboys and schoolgirls, more particularly among those of Oriental extraction. The boys could be trained in the Society's Preparatory College at Los Altos,

*How beautiful are the footsteps of those who are seen coming from the mountain-tops to bring peace, to announce eternal blessings, to preach salvation and to say: O Sion, thy God shall reign over thee! These are the new conquerors who come with no other weapon than the cross of the Christ. They come, not to carry off spoils and to spill the blood of the vanquished, but to offer their own blood and to impart the heavenly treasure.—Archbishop Fénélon.*

habitants live in *daruma* and *temma*—Japanese barges for conveying goods on rivers and canals.

These boat dwellers are born, are married, and die in their tiny, cramped quarters on board ship. They have a strong community spirit and are governed by laws of their own.

There is a special class of persons to whom these water dwellers are a cause of anxiety. How can the Catholic missionary get in contact with people whose occupation forces them to remove constantly from place to place? It



THESE SISTERS ARRIVED IN HONOLULU

Top row, left to right: Sr. M. Immaculata Brennan, (Boston, Mass.); Sr. M. Berchmans Flynn, (Arlington, Mass.); Sr. M. Matthias Lichteig, (Greeley, Kan.); Sr. M. Gregory Mackey, (Charleston, W. Va.); Sr. M. Robert Rust, (Buffalo, N. Y.); Sr. M. Veronica Hartman, (Pittsburgh, Pa.)  
Bottom row, left to right: Sr. M. Alphonsa Bergeron, (Norway, Mich.); Sr. M. Pieta Kirby, (Dorchester, Mass.); Sr. M. Tarcisius Doherty, (Brighton, Mass.); Sr. M. Adrienne Mundy, (Framingham, Mass.)

California.

The Maryknoll Sisters already count among their number a professed nun, Sister Mary Bernadette Tam, who was born in Hawaii of Chinese parents. Sister Bernadette is now doing fine work in China. May she be followed by many more from the Hawaiian "melting pot"!

### BOAT DWELLERS IN JAPAN

The cities of Southern China are not the only ones which have immense floating populations; the last census taken at Tokyo showed that twenty thousand of its in-

almost seems as if, eventually, some missionaries will have to become boat dwellers themselves.

With one group of our outgoing missionaries, there was a Brother, Augustine McKernan, of Philadelphia, Pa. Bro. Augustine will be the eighth Maryknoll Auxiliary Brother to cross the Pacific Seas. He will serve as secretary to Fr. Ford.

Of these eight Brothers, three are doing clerical work, one is a nurse, two are occupied with the mission constructional program, and two are directing youth in manual arts.

GOD HAS WILLED IT SO

## Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address all communications to  
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

This is Rosary month. When you have finished saying your beads, go back to the Crucifix and say one Our Father and three Hail Marys for missionaries.

### What Shall We Do this Year?—

There are many ways to help our work spiritually and materially. Prayer, labor, and sacrifice for the missions will without doubt react with many blessings on our work.

It is time now to start planning for that party, that Christmas Sale, that Penny Sale, or whatever suggests itself to aid the missions. The large groups departing mean some more missionaries to support, and, in time, many more catechists and schools. Write to the Circle Director for suggestions.

### Showers—

Not of rain, nor of tears, but showers of socks, toothpaste, towels, sheets, thread, were the result of the "song" for our departing missionaries. A hearty "Thank you" to all who supplied the drops in the large downpour. The results will gladden the hearts of our missionaries whom we feel sure will not be unmindful of the thoughtful benefactors.

### Sewing Circles—

Our towel stock is sadly depleted on account of the heavy drain made on it by our departing missionaries. We need rollers, dish towels, and more dish towels. The latter have the unhappy faculty of constantly wearing out.

We regret to say that the only active Circle remembering and trying to complete the Circle Burse is that of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Send for a Circle Burse Card and have your friends fill it. It is only a dollar.

Has your Secretary sent us a list of your Circle members yet?

### CIRCLERS—ATTENTION!

When you have your next meeting and are making plans for the coming season, don't forget the all-important need of the missions—prayer! prayer! prayer! Even if it is only one "Hail Mary" daily, it will mean much. Begin your meetings with a prayer for the cause and close them the same way.

Have you an Apostles' Aid Card? If not, why not send for one and let us know what prayers



INDOOR SPORT IN KOREA

and sacrifices you will offer for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ on earth. Why not have a large offering for Christ the King on the feast which comes this month?

Books are needed at St. Paul's Hospital. If you have some to spare, kindly send us the list, and instructions will be sent about forwarding.

### WHATEVER YOU GIVE

### Spread your own interest in A MODERN MARTYR

You can do this now at a very moderate cost by means of the new paper-covered edition.

There is also a paper-covered edition of

### THE MARYKNOLL MOVEMENT

Each of these sells for

**FIFTY CENTS**

(Sixty cents postpaid)

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

### Kindly Remembered

WORD has come since our last issue that the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America has been mentioned in ten wills, three registered in Massachusetts, four in New York, one in New Jersey, one in Washington, D. C., and one in Iowa.

These announcements make us feel that Maryknoll is today a recognized subject of interest to the faithful of our country. They strengthen our conviction that God's Providence is urging this work for souls and give us confidence that "all is well." We are grateful.

"Think of a Club of young men providing a burse of \$1,500 for the education of a native Oriental to the priesthood"—so spoke a surprised priest. We may add that the club referred to has supplied two such burses. But why should the charity of young men surprise us?

Yet we admit that so large a sum gathered by youths is most unusual; it is the more welcome and encouraging.

She was just a plain-speaking, little lady with clothes as plain as her speech. Evidently the sun and air of the summer resort had no chance to touch up her pale features. But, back of the well-worn garments was the heart of an apostle. "I am a mill worker," she said simply to a question, "and I have been praying and saving a

long time for Maryknoll."

The check of four figures which she left might have taken her to Bermuda for a pleasant period. She preferred to lay up the treasure in heaven. When we see such genuine charity, do you wonder that we count our own sacrifice as nothing?

#### WHAT'S THIS ANNUITY?

"WHAT'S this annuity business Mrs. Cronin says you told her about, Father?" asked Mrs. O'Brien. "I am getting so I hate to handle money and chance any investments, now that I'm all alone. I wish I could find some safe way of placing my money and not have to bother any more."

"Well," answered Father Casey, "I advised Mrs. Cronin to invest in a Maryknoll Annuity. It is safe, with a fine Church organization back of it. It is permanent, since there will be no necessity of reinvestment, and it produces a higher rate of interest than the Savings Bank. There will be no further need of visits to the safe deposit vault, and, after Mrs. Cronin's death, her relatives will not be able to contest the disposal of this money. Last, but not least, our friend can thus afford to help the mission cause in a more substantial way than her means would otherwise permit."

"Just give me that address, Father," said Mrs. O'Brien, "I'm writing to Maryknoll this very day."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### The Evil of Mixed Marriages

By Rev. Dr. Charles P. Bruehl. Joseph Schaefer, 23 Barclay St., N. Y. C. \$1.0.

##### History of the Catholic Mission in Hawaii

By Fr. Reginald Yzendoorn, SS. CC. Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Limited, Honolulu, T. H. \$4.90.

##### Fifty Years in Conflict and Triumph

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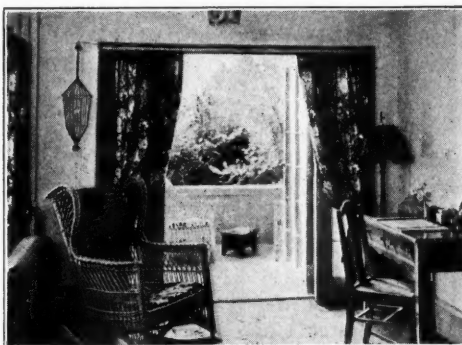
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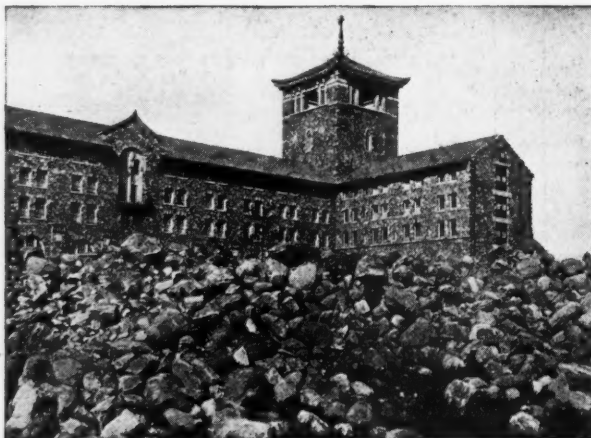
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